

Milton: Shorter Poems in English

John Milton

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Psalm Paraphrases

From the Trinity College Manuscript

(first printed in *Letters of State* (1694))

[To My Lord Fairfax](#) | [To the Lord Generall Cromwell](#)

ON THE
MORNING
OF
Christ's Nativity.

I.

THis is the Month, and this the happy morn
Wherin the Son of Heav'ns eternal King,
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heav'ns high Council-Table,
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the Courts of everlasting Day,
And chose with us a darksome House of mortal Clay.

10

III.

Say Heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no vers, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcom him to this his new abode,
Now while the Heav'n by the Suns team untrod,

Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright? 20

IV.

See how from far upon the Eastern rode
The Star-led Wisards haste with odours sweet,
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Have thou the honour first, thy Lord to greet,
 And joyn thy voice unto the Angel Quire,
From out his secret Altar toucht with hallow'd fire.

The Hymn.

I.

IT was the Winter wilde,
While the Heav'n-born-childe, 30
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in aw to him
Had doff't her gawdy trim,
 With her great Master so to sympathize:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the Sun her lusty Paramour.

II.

Only with speeches fair
She woo's the gentle Air

 To hide her guilty front with innocent Snow, 40
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinfull blame,
 The Saintly Vail of Maiden white to throw,
Confounded, that her Makers eyes
Should look so neer upon her foul deformities.

III.

But he her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyd Peace,
 She crown'd with Olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning speare
His ready Harbinger,

 With Turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
And waving wide her mirtle wand,
She strikes a universall Peace through Sea and Land.

50

IV.

No War, or Battails sound
Was heard the World around,
 The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked Chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood,
 The Trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
And Kings sate still with awfull eye,

As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

60

V.

But peacefull was the night
Wherin the Prince of light
 His raing of peace upon the earth began:
The Windes with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
 Whispering new joyes to the milde Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While Birds of Calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI.

The Stars with deep amaze

Stand fixt in stedfast gaze, 70
 Bending one way their pretious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
 Or *Lucifer* that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering Orbs did glow,
Untill their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

VII.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
 The Sun himself with-held his wonted speed,

And hid his head for shame, 80
As his inferiour flame,
 The new enlightn'd world no more should need;
He saw a greater Sun appear
Then his bright Throne, or burning Axletree could bear.

VIII.

The Shepherds on the Lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
 Sate simply chatting in a rustick row;
Full little thought they than,
That the mighty *Pan*

 Was kindly com to live with them below; 90
Perhaps their loves, or els their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busie keep.

IX.

When such musick sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortall finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blisfull rapture took:
The Air such pleasure loth to lose,

With thousand echo's still prolongs each heav'nly close.

100

X.

Nature that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of *Cynthia's* seat, the Airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was don,
And that her raig had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

XI.

At last surrounds their sight
A Globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shame-fac't night array'd,
The helmed Cherubim
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displaid,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes to Heav'ns new-born Heir.

XII.

Such Musick (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,

While the Creator Great 120
His constellations set,
And the well-ballanc't world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out ye Crystall spears,
Once bless our human ears,
(If ye have power to touch our senses so)
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;

And let the Base of Heav'ns deep Organ blow, 130
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to th'Angelike symphony.

XIV.

For if such holy Song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
And speckl'd vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould,
And Hell it self will pass away,

And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day. 140

XV.

Yea Truth, and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Th'enameled *Arras* of the Rain-bow wearing,
And Mercy set between,
Thron'd in Celestiall sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down staring,
And Heav'n as at som festivall,
Will open wide the Gates of her high Palace Hall.

XVI.

But wisest Fate sayes no,

This must not yet be so, 150
The Babe lies yet in smiling Infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
So both himself and us to glorifie:
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,
The wakefull trump of doom must thunder through the deep,

XVII.

With such a horrid clang
As on mount *Sinai* rang
While the red fire, and smouldring clouds out brake:

The aged Earth agast 160
With terrour of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the center shake,
When at the worlds last session,
The dreadfull Judge in middle Air shall spread his throne.

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss

Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for from this happy day
Th'old Dragon under ground
In straiter limits bound,

Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
And wrath to see his Kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly Horror of his fouled tail.

170

XIX.

The Oracles are dumm,
No voice or hideous humm
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shreik the steep of *Delphos* leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,

Inspires the pale-ey'd Priest from the prophetic cell.

180

XX.

The lonely mountains o're,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;
>From haunted spring, and dale
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent,
With flowre-inwov'n tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

XXI.

In consecrated Earth,

And on the holy Hearth, 190
 The *Lars*, and *Lemures* moan with midnight plaint,
 In Urns, and Altars round,
 A drear, and dying sound
 Affrights the *Flamins* at their service quaint;
 And the chill Marble seems to sweat,
 While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted seat.

XXII.

Peor, and *Baalim*,
 Forsake their Temples dim,
 With that twice-batter'd god of *Palestine*,

And mooned *Ashtaroth*, 200
 Heav'ns Queen and Mother both,
 Now sits not girt with Tapers holy shine,
 The Libyc *Hammon* shrinks his horn,
 In vain the *Tyrian* Maids their wounded *Thamuz* mourn.

XXIII.

And sullen *Moloch* fled,
 Hath left in shadows dred,
 His burning Idol all of blackest hue,
 In vain with Cymbals ring,
 They call the grisly king,

In dismall dance about the furnace blue; 210
 The brutish gods of *Nile* as fast,
Isis and *Orus*, and the Dog *Anubis* hast.

XXIV.

Nor is *Osiris* seen
 In *Memphian* Grove, or Green,

Trampling the unshowr'd Grasse with lowings loud:
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
Naught but profoundest Hell can be his shroud,
In vain with Timbrel'd Anthems dark

The sable-stoled Sorcerers bear his worshipt Ark.

220

XXV.

He feels from *Juda's* Land
The dredded Infants hand,
The rayes of *Bethlehem* blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the gods beside,
Longer dare abide,
Not *Typhon* huge ending in snaky twine:
Our Babe to shew his Godhead true,
Can in his swadling bands controul the damned crew.

XXVI.

So when the Sun in bed,

Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an Orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale,
Troop to th'inferrall jail,
Each fetter'd Ghost slips to his severall grave,
And the yellow-skirted *Fayes*,
Fly after the Night-steeds, leaving their Moon-lov'd maze.

230

XXVII.

But see the Virgin blest,
Hath laid her Babe to rest.
Time is our tedious Song should here have ending,

Heav'ns youngest teemed Star,
 Hath fixt her polisht Car,
 Her sleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attending:
 And all about the Courtly Stable,
 Bright-harnest Angels sit in order serviceable.

240

A Paraphrase on *Psalm* 114.

This and the following *Psalm* were don by the Author at fifteen yeers old.

When the blest seed of *Terah's* faithfull Son,
 After long toil their liberty had won,
 And past from *Pharian* fields to *Canaan* Land,
 Led by the strength of the Almightyes hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in *Israel* shown,
 His praise and glory was in *Israel* known.
 That saw the troubl'd Sea, and shivering fled,
 And sought to hide his froth-becurled head
 Low in the earth, *Jordans* clear streams recoil,
 As a faint host that hath receiv'd the foil.
 The high, huge-bellied Mountains skip like Rams
 Amongst their Ews, the little Hills like Lambs.
 Why fled the Ocean? And why skipt the Mountains?
 Why turned *Jordan* toward his Crystall Fountains?
 Shake earth, and at the presence be agast
 Of him that ever was, and ay shall last,
 That glassy flouds from rugged rocks can crush,
 And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

10

Psalm 136.

Et us with a gladsom mind

L Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithfull, ever sure.

Let us blaze his Name abroad,
For of gods he is the God;
For his, &c.

O let us his praises tell,
Who doth the wrathfull tyrants quell.

For his, &c.

10

Who with his miracles doth make
Amazed Heav'n and Earth to shake.
For his, &c.

Who by his wisdom did create
The painted Heav'ns so full of state.
For his, &c.

Who did the solid Earth ordain
To rise above the watry plain.
For his, &c.

Who by his all-commanding might,
Did fill the new-made world with light.
For his, &c.

20

And caus'd the Golden-tressed Sun,
All the day long his cours to run.
For his, &c.

The horned Moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright.
For his, &c.

He with his thunder-clasping hand,

Smote the first-born of *Egypt* Land.
For his, &c.

30

And in despite of *Pharao* fell,
He brought from thence his *Israel*.
For, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain,
Of the *Erythræan* main.
For, &c.

The floods stood still like Walls of Glass,
While the Hebrew Bands did pass.

For, &c.

40

But full soon they did devour
The Tawny King with all his power.
For his, &c.

His chosen people he did bless
In the wastfull Wildernes.
For his, &c.

In bloody battail he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown.
For, &c.

He foild bold *Seon* and his host,
That rul'd the *Amorrean* coast.
For, &c.

50

And large-lim'd *Og* he did subdue,
With all his over-hardy crew.
For, &c.

And to his Servant *Israel*,
He gave their Land therin to dwell.
For, &c.

He hath with a piteous eye

Beheld us in our misery.
For, &c.

60

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy.

For, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need.

For, &c.

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty Majesty and worth.

For, &c.

70

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortall eye.

For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithfull, ever sure.

Anno aetatis 17.

On the Death of a fair Infant dying of a Cough.

I.

O Fairest flower no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken Primrose fading timeleslie,
Summers chief honour if thou hadst out-lasting
Bleak winters force that made thy blossome drie;
For he being amorous on that lovely die
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss
But kill'd alas, and then bewayl'd his fatal bliss.

II.

For since grim Aquilo his charioter
By boistrous rape th' Athenian damsel got,
He thought it toucht his Deitie full neer,
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,

10

Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot,
Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld,
Which 'mongst the wanton gods a foul reproach was held.

III.

So mounting up in ycie-pearled carr,
Through middle empire of the freezing aire
He wanderd long, till thee he spy'd from farr,
There ended was his quest, there ceast his care.
Down he descended from his Snow-soft chaire,
But all unwares with his cold-kind embrace 20
Unhous'd thy Virgin Soul from her fair biding place.

IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
For so *Apollo*, with unweeting hand
Whilome did slay his dearly-loved mate
Young *Hyacinth* born on *Eurotas'* strand,
Young *Hyacinth* the pride of *Spartan* land;
But then transform'd him to a purple flower
Alack that so to change thee winter had no power.

V.

Yet can I not perswade me thou art dead
Or that thy coarse corrupts in earths dark wombe, 30
Or that thy beauties lie in wormie bed,
Hid from the world in a low delved tombe;
Could Heavn for pittie thee so strictly doom?
Oh no! for something in thy face did shine
Above mortalitie that shew'd thou wast divine.

VI.

Resolve me then oh Soul most surely blest
(If so it be that thou these complaints dost hear)
Tell me bright Spirit where e're thou hoverest
Whether above that high first-moving Spheare
Or in the Elisian fields (if such there were.) 40
Oh say me true if thou wert mortal wight
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

VII.

Wert thou some Starr which from the ruin'd rooffe
Of shak't Olympus by mischance didst fall;
Which carefull *Jove* in natures true behoofe
Took up, and in fit place did reinstall?
Or did of late earths Sonnes besiege the wall
Of sheenie Heav'n, and thou some goddess fled
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head.

VIII.

Or wert thou that just Maid who once before 50
Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth
And cam'st again to visit us once more?
Or wert thou that sweet smiling Youth!
Or that c[r]own'd Matron sage white-robed Truth?
Or any other of that heav'nly brood
Let down in clowdie throne to do the world some good.

IX.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged hoast,
Who having clad thy self in humane weed,
To earth from thy præfixed seat didst poast,
And after short abode flie back with speed, 60
As if to shew what creatures Heav'n doth breed,
Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
To scorn the sordid world, and unto Heav'n aspire.

X.

But oh why didst thou not stay here below
To bless us with thy heav'n-lov'd innocence,
To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe
To turn Swift-rushing black perdition hence,
Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,
To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart
But thou canst best perform that office where thou art. 70

XI.

Then thou the mother of so sweet a child
Her false imagin'd loss cease to lament,
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;
Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
And render him with patience what he lent;
This if thou do he will an off-spring give,
That till the worlds last-end shall make thy name to live.

The Passion.

I.

Ere-while of Musick, and Ethereal mirth,
Wherwith the stage of Ayr and Earth did ring,
And joyous news of heav'nly Infants birth,
My muse with Angels did divide to sing;
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
In Wintry solstice like the shortn'd light
Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

II.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
And set my Harpe to notes of saddest wo,
Which on our dearest Lord did sease er'e long,
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse then so,
Which he for us did freely undergo.
Most perfect *Heroe*, try'd in heaviest plight
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight.

10

III.

He sov'ran Priest stooping his regall head
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor fleshly Tabernacle entered,
His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies;
O what a Mask was there, what a disguise!

Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide,
Then lies him meekly down fast by his Brethrens side.

20

IV.

These latter scenes confine my roving vers,
To this Horizon is my *Phoebus* bound,
His Godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
And former sufferings other where are found;
Loud o're the rest *Cremona's* Trump doth sound;
 Me softer airs befit, and softer strings
Of Lute, or Viol still, more apt for mournful things.

V.

Befriend me night best Patroness of grief,
Over the Pole thy thickest mantle throw,
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
That Heav'n and Earth are colour'd with my wo;
My sorrows are too dark for day to know:
 The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
And letters where my tears have washt a wannish white.

30

VI.

See see the Chariot, and those rushing wheels,
That whirl'd the Prophet up at *Chebar* flood,
My spirit som transporting *Cherub* feels,
To bear me where the Towers of *Salem* stood,
Once glorious Towers, now sunk in guiltles blood;
 There doth my soul in holy vision sit
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatick fit.

40

VII.

Mine eye hath found that sad Sepulchral rock
That was the Casket of Heav'ns richest store,
And here though grief my feeble hands up-lock,
Yet on the softned Quarry would I score
My plaining vers as lively as before;
 For sure so well instructed are my tears,
That they would fitly fall in order'd Characters.

VIII.

Or should I thence hurried on viewles wing, 50
 Take up a weeping on the Mountains wilde,
 The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
 Would soon unboosom all their Echoes milde,
 And I (for grief is easily beguild)
 Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud,
 Had got a race of mourners on som pregnant cloud.

This Subject the Author finding to be above the yeers he had, when he wrote it, and nothing satisfi'd with what was begun, left it unfinished.

On Time.

FLy envious *Time*, till thou run out thy race,
 Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
 Whose speed is but the heavy Plummets pace;
 And glut thy self with what thy womb devours,
 Which is no more then what is false and vain,
 And meerly mortal dross;
 So little is our loss,
 So little is thy gain.
 For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
 And last of all thy greedy self consum'd, 10
 Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
 With an individual kiss;
 And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
 When every thing that is sincerely good
 And perfectly divine,
 With Truth, and Peace, and Love shall ever shine
 About the supreme Throne
 Of him, t' whose happy-making sight alone,
 When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall clime,
 Then all this Earthy grosnes quit, 20
 Attir'd with Stars, we shall for ever sit,
 Triumphant over Death, and Chance, and thee O Time.

Upon the Circumcision.

Ye flaming Powers, and winged Warriours bright,
That erst with Musick, and triumphant song
First heard by happy watchful Shepherds ear,
So sweetly sung your Joy the Clouds along
Through the soft silence of the list'ning night;
Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
Your fiery essence can distill no tear,
Burn in your sighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep sorrow,

He who with all Heav'ns heraldry whileare 10
Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;
Alas, how soon our sin
 Sore doth begin
 His Infancy to sease!

O more exceeding love or law more just?
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we by rightfull doom remediles
Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above
High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust

Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakednes; 20
And that great Cov'nant which we still transgress
Intirely satisfi'd,
And the full wrath beside
Of vengeful Justice bore for our excess,
And seals obedience first with wounding smart
This day, but O ere long
Huge pangs and strong
 Will pierce more neer his heart.

At a Solemn Musick.

Blest pair of *Sirens*, pledges of Heav'ns joy,
Sphear-born harmonious Sisters, Voice, and Vers,
Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ
Dead things with inbreath' d sense able to pierce,
And to our high-rai's'd phantasie present,
That undisturbed Song of pure content,
Ay sung before the saphire-colour'd throne
To him that sits thereon
With Saintly shout, and solemn Jubily,
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row 10
Their loud up-lifted Angel trumpets blow,
And the Cherubick host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal Harps of golden wires,
With those just Spirits that wear victorious Palms,
Hymns devout and holy Psalms
Singing everlastingly;
That we on Earth with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
Jarr'd against natures chime, and with harsh din 20
Broke the fair musick that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
In perfect Diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O may we soon again renew that Song,
And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long
To his celestial consort us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endles morn of light.

An Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester.

THis rich Marble doth enterr
The honour'd Wife of *Winchester*,
A Vicounts daughter, an Earls heir,

Besides what her vertues fair
 Added to her noble birth,
 More then she could own from Earth.
 Summers three times eight save one
 She had told, alas too soon,
 After so short time of breath,
 To house with darknes, and with death. 10
 Yet had the number of her days
 Bin as compleat as was her praise,
 Nature and fate had had no strife
 In giving limit to her life.
 Her high birth, and her graces sweet,
 Quickly found a lover meet;
 The Virgin quire for her request
 The God that sits at marriage feast;
 He at their invoking came
 But with a scarce-wel-lighted flame; 20
 And in his Garland as he stood,
 Ye might discern a Cipress bud.
 Once had the early Matrons run
 To greet her of a lovely son,
 And now with second hope she goes,
 And calls *Lucina* to her throws;
 But whether by mischance or blame
Atropos for *Lucina* came;
 And with remorsles cruelty,
 Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree: 30
 The haples Babe before his birth
 Had burial, yet not laid in earth,
 And the languisht Mothers Womb
 Was not long a living Tomb.
 So have I seen som tender slip
 Sav'd with care from Winters nip,
 The pride of her carnation train,
 Pluck't up by som unheedy swain,
 Who onely thought to crop the flowr
 New shot up from vernall showr; 40
 But the fair blossom hangs the head
 Side-ways as on a dying bed,
 And those Pearls of dew she wears,
 Prove to be presaging tears
 Which the sad morn had let fall
 On her hast'ning funerall.
 Gentle Lady may thy grave

Peace and quiet ever have;
 After this thy travail sore
 Sweet rest cease thee evermore, 50
 That to give the world encrease,
 Shortned hast thy own lives lease;
 Here besides the sorrowing
 That thy noble House doth bring,
 Here be tears of perfect moan
 Weept for thee in *Helicon*,
 And som Flowers, and som Bays,
 For thy Hears to strew the ways,
 Sent thee from the banks of *Came*,
 Devoted to thy vertuous name; 60
 Whilst thou bright Saint high sit'st in glory,
 Next her much like to thee in story,
 That fair *Syrian* Shepherdess,
 Who after yeers of barrennes,
 The highly favour'd *Joseph* bore
 To him that serv'd for her before,
 And at her next birth much like thee,
 Through pangs fled to felicity,
 Far within the boosom bright
 Of blazing Majesty and Light, 70
 There with thee, new welcom Saint,
 Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
 With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
 No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

S O N G.

On May Morning.

Now the bright morning Star, Dayes harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
 The Flowry *May*, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow Cowslip, and the pale Primrose.
 Hail bounteous *May* that dost inspire
 Mirth and youth, and warm desire,

Woods and Groves, are of thy dressing,
Hill and Dale, doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early Song,
And welcom thee, and wish thee long.

On *Shakespear*. 1630.

What needs my *Shakespear* for his honour'd Bones,
The labour of an age in piled Stones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a Star-ypointing *Pyramid*?
Dear son of memory, great heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witnes of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thy self a live-long Monument.
For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easie numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd Book,
Those Delphick lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of it self bereaving,
Dost make us Marble with too much conceaving;
And so Sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie,
That Kings for such a Tomb would wish to die.

10

*On the University Carrier, who sickn'd in the time
of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London,
by reason of the Plague.*

Here lies old *Hobson*, Death hath broke his girt,
And here alas, hath laid him in the dirt,
Or els the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,

Death was half glad when he had got him down;
 For he had any time this ten yeers full,
 Dodg'd with him, betwixt *Cambridge* and the Bull.
 And surely, Death could never have prevail'd,
 Had not his weekly cours of carriage fail'd;
 But lately finding him so long at home,
 And thinking now his journeys end was come,
 And that his had tane up his latest Inne,
 In the kind office of a Chamberlin
 Shew'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
 Pull'd off his Boots, and took away the light:
 If any ask for him, it shall be sed,
Hobson has supt, and's newly gon to bed.

10

Another on the same.

Here lieth one who did most truly prove,
 That he could never die while he could move,
 So hung his destiny never to rot
 While he might still jogg on, and keep his trot,
 Made of sphear-metal, never to decay
 Untill his revolution was at stay.
 Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
 'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time:
 And like an Engin mov'd with wheel and waight,
 His principles being ceast, he ended strait.
 Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death,
 And too much breathing put him out of breath;
 Nor were it contradiction to affirm
 Too long vacation hastned on his term.
 Meerly to drive the time away he sickn'd,
 Fainted, and died, nor would with Ale be quickn'd;
 Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,
 If I may not carry, sure Ile ne're be fetch'd,
 But vow though the cross Doctors all stood hearers,
 For one Carrier put down to make six bearers.
 Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
 He di'd for heavines that his Cart went light,

10

20

His leisure told him that his time was com,
And lack of load, made his life burdensom,
That even to his last breath (ther be that say't)
As he were prest to death, he cry'd more waight;
But had his doings lasted as they were,
He had bin an immortall Carrier.
Obedient to the Moon he spent his date
In cours reciprocal, and had his fate
Linkt to the mutual flowing of the Seas,
Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase:
His Letters are deliver'd all and gon,
Onely remains this superscription.

30

L'Allegro

Hence loathed Melancholy
Of Cerberus, and blackest midnight born,
In Stygian Cave forlorn
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shreiks, and sights unholy,
Find out som uncouth cell,
Where brooding darknes spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-Raven sings;
There under Ebon shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
As ragged as thy Locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But com thou Goddes fair and free,
In Heav'n ycleap'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister Graces more
To Ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as som Sager sing)
The frolick Wind that breathes the Spring,
Zephir with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a Maying,
There on Beds of Violets blew,
And fresh-blown Roses washt in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,

10

20

So bucksom, blith, and debonair.
 Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity,
 Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
 Nods, and Becks, and Wreathed Smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek; 30
 Sport that wrincled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Com, and trip it as ye go
 On the light fantastick toe,
 And in thy right hand lead with thee,
 The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty;
 And if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crue
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unreprieved pleasures free; 40
 To hear the Lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night,
 From his watch-towre in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
 Then to com in spight of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good morrow,
 Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,
 Or the twisted Eglantine.
 While the Cock with lively din,
 Scatters the rear of darknes thin, 50
 And to the stack, or the Barn dore,
 Stoutly struts his Dames before,
 Oft list'ning how the Hounds and horn
 Clearly rouse the slumbring morn,
 From the side of som Hoar Hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill.
 Som time walking not unseen
 By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
 Right against the Eastern gate,
 Wher the great Sun begins his state, 60
 Rob'd in flames, and Amber light,
 The clouds in thousand Liveries dight.
 While the Plowman neer at hand,
 Whistles ore the Furrow'd Land,
 And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the Mower whets his sithe,
 And every Shepherd tells his tale

Under the Hawthorn in the dale.
 Streit mine eye hath caught new pleasures
 Whilst the Lantskip round it measures, 70
 Russet Lawns, and Fallows Gray,
 Where the nibling flocks do stray,
 Mountains on whose barren brest
 The labouring clouds do often rest:
 Meadows trim with Daisies pide,
 Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide.
 Towers, and Battlements it sees
 Boosom'd high in tufted Trees,
 Wher perhaps som beauty lies, 80
 The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
 Hard by, a Cottage chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged Okes,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
 Are at their savory dinner set
 Of Hearbs, and other Country Messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
 And then in haste her Bowre she leaves,
 With Thestylis to bind the Sheaves;
 Or if the earlier season lead 90
 To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead,
 Som times with secure delight
 The up-land Hamlets will invite,
 When the merry Bells ring round,
 And the jocond rebecks sound
 To many a youth, and many a maid,
 Dancing in the Chequer'd shade;
 And young and old com forth to play
 On a Sunshine Holyday,
 Till the live-long day-light fail,
 Then to the Spicy Nut-brown Ale, 100
 With stories told many a feat,
 How Faery Mab the junkets eat,
 She was pincht, and pull'd she sed,
 And he by Friars Lanthorn led
 Tells how the drudging Goblin swet,
 To ern his Cream-bowle duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimps of morn,
 His shadowy Flale hath thresh'd the Corn
 That ten day-labourers could not end,
 Then lies him down the Lubbar Fend. 110
 And stretch'd out all the Chimney's length,

Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
 And Crop-full out of dores he flings,
 Ere the first Cock his Mattin rings.
 Thus don the Tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering Windes soon lull'd asleep.
 Towred Cities please us then,
 And the busie humm of men,
 Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,
 In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold, 120
 With store of Ladies, whose bright eies
 Rain influence, and judge the prise
 Of Wit, or Arms, while both contend
 To win her Grace, whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In Saffron robe, with Taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique Pageantry,
 Such sights as youthfull Poets dream
 On Summer eeves by haunted stream. 130
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonsons learned Sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespear fancies childe,
 Warble his native Wood-notes wilde,
 And ever against eating Cares,
 Lap me in soft Lydian Aires,
 Married to immortal verse
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of lincked sweetnes long drawn out, 140
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running;
 Untwisting all the chains that ty
 The hidden soul of harmony.
 That Orpheus self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heapt Elysian flowres, and hear
 Such streins as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half regain'd Eurydice. 150
 These delights, if thou canst give,
 Mirth with thee, I mean to live.

Il Penseroso.

Hence vain deluding joyes,
 The brood of folly without father bred,
 How little you bested,
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toyes;
 Dwell in som idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the Sun Beams,
 Or likest hovering dreams
 The fickle Pensioners of Morpheus train. 10
 But hail thou Goddes, sage and holy,
 Hail divinest Melancholy,
 Whose Saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the Sense of human sight;
 And therefore to our weaker view,
 Ore laid with black staid Wisdoms hue.
 Black, but such as in esteem,
 Prince Memnons sister might beseem,
 Or that Starr'd Ethiope Queen that strove
 To set her beauties praise above 20
 The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended.
 Yet thou art higher far descended,
 Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore,
 To solitary Saturn bore;
 His daughter she (in Saturns raign,
 Such mixture was not held a stain)
 Oft in glimmering Bowres, and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
 While yet there was no fear of Jove. 30
 Com pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, stedfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestick train,
 And sable stole of Cipres Lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Com, but keep thy wonted state,
 With eev'n step, and musing gate,

And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes: 40
 There held in holy passion still,
 Forget thy self to Marble, till
 With a sad Leaden downward cast,
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
 And joyn with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring,
 Ay round about Joves Altar sing.
 And adde to these retired Leasure,
 That in trim Gardens takes his pleasure; 50
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The Cherub Contemplation,
 And the mute Silence hist along,
 'Less Philomel will daign a Song,
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
 While Cynthia checks her Dragon yoke,
 Gently o're th' accustom'd Oke; 60
 Sweet Bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musicall, most melancholy!
 Thee Chauntress oft the Woods among,
 I woo to hear thy eeven-Song;
 And missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven Green,
 To behold the wandring Moon,
 Riding neer her highest noon,
 Like one that had bin led astray
 Through the Heav'ns wide pathles way; 70
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft on a Plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off Curfeu sound,
 Over som wide-water'd shoar,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar;
 Or if the Ayr will not permit,
 Som still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing Embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom, 80
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the Cricket on the hearth,

Or the Belmans drousie charm,
 To bless the dores from nightly harm:
 Or let my Lamp at midnight hour,
 Be seen in som high lonely Towr,
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
 With thrice great Hermes, or unsphear
 The spirit of Plato to unfold
 What Worlds, or what vast Regions hold 90
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
 And of those Daemons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With Planet, or with Element.
 Som time let Gorgeous Tragedy
 In Scepter'd Pall com sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebs, or Pelops line,
 Or the tale of Troy divine. 100
 Or what (though rare) of later age,
 Ennobled hath the Buskind stage.
 But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
 Might raise Musaeus from his bower,
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
 Such notes as warbled to the string,
 Drew Iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made Hell grant what Love did seek.
 Or call up him that left half told
 The story of Cambuscan bold, 110
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
 And who had Canace to wife,
 That own'd the vertuous Ring and Glass,
 And of the wondrous Hors of Brass,
 On which the Tartar King did ride;
 And if ought els, great Bards beside,
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of Turneys and of Trophies hung;
 Of Forests, and inchantments drear,
 Where more is meant then meets the ear. 120
 Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited Morn appeer,
 Not trickt and frounc't as she was wont,
 With the Attick Boy to hunt,
 But Cherchef't in a comly Cloud,
 While rocking Winds are Piping loud,

Or usher'd with a shower still,
 When the gust hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rusling Leaves,
 With minute drops from off the Eaves. 130
 And when the Sun begins to fling
 His flaring beams, me Goddess bring
 To arched walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown that Sylvan loves
 Of Pine, or monumental Oake,
 Where the rude Ax with heaved stroke,
 Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
 There in close covert by some Brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look, 140
 Hide me from Day's garish eye,
 While the Bee with honeyed thie,
 That at her flowry work doth sing,
 And the Waters murmuring
 With such consort as they keep,
 Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;
 And let some strange mysterious dream,
 Wave at his Wings in airy stream,
 Of lively portraiture display'd,
 Softly on my eye-lids laid. 150
 And as I wake, sweet music breath
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
 Or th' unseen Genius of the Wood.
 But let my due feet never fail,
 To walk the studious Cloysters pale,
 And love the high embowed Roof,
 With antique Pillars massy proof,
 And storied Windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light. 160
 There let the pealing Organ blow,
 To the full voic'd Quire below,
 In Service high, and Anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into extasies,
 And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The Hairy Gown and Mossy Cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell

Of every Star that Heav'n doth shew,
 And every Herb that sips the dew;
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like Prophetic strain.
 These pleasures Melancholy give,
 And I with thee will choose to live.

S O N N E T S.

I.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy Spray
 Warbl'st at eeve, when all the Woods are still,
 Thou with fresh hope the Lovers heart dost fill,
 While the jolly hours lead on propitious *May*,
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of Day,
 First heard before the shallow Cuckoo's bill
 Portend success in love; O if *Jove's* will
 Have linkt that amorous power to thy soft lay,
 Now timely sing, ere the rude Bird of Hate
 Foretell my hopeles doom in som Grove ny:
 As thou from yeer to yeer hast sung too late
 For my relief; yet hadst no reason why,
 Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
 Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

II.

*Donna leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
 L'herbosa val de Rheno, e il nobil varco,
 Ben è colui d'ogni valore scarco
 Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,
 Che dolcemente mostra si di fuora*

*De suoi atti soavi giamai parco,
E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco,
La onde l' alta tua virtùs infiora.
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,
Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno;
Gratia sola di sù gli vaglia, inanti
Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invicchi.*

III.

*Qual in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera
L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella
Che mal si spande a disusata spera
Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,
Cosi Amor meco insù la lingua snella
Desta il fior novo di strania favella,
Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso
El bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.
Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso
Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
Deh! foss' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno
A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.*

Canzone.

*Ridonsi donne e giovani amorosi
M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
Verseggiando d'amor, e come t'osi?
Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,
E de pensieri lo miglior t' arrivi;
Cosi mi van burlando, altri rivi
Altri lidi t' aspettan, & altre onde
Nelle cui verdi sponde
Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma*

*L'immortal guiderdon d'eterne frondi
Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma?
Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi
Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir, è il mio cuore
Questa è lingua di cui si vanta Amore.*

IV.

*Diodati, e te'l dirò con meraviglia,
Quel ritroso io ch'amor spreggiar soléa
E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridéa
Gia caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.
Ne trecchie d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia
M'abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea
Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
Quel sereno fulgor d'amabil nero,
Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,
E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero
Traviar ben può la faticosa Luna,
E degli occhi suoi auventa si gran fuoco
Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.*

V.

*Per certo i bei vostr'occhi Donna mia
Esser non puo che non fian lo mio sole
Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole
Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,
Mentre un caldo vapor (ne sentì pria)
Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,
Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman sospir; io non so che si sia:
Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela
Scosso mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco
Quivi d'attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela;
Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco
Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose
Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.*

VI.

*Giovane piano, e semplicetio amante
Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
Farò divoto; io certo a prove tante
L'hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,
De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;
Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
S'arma di se, e d' intero diamante,
Tanto del forse, e d' invidia sicuro,
Di timori, e speranze al popol use
Quanto d'ingegno, e d' alto valor vago,
E di cetra sonora, e delle muse:
Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
Ove amor mise l'insanabil ago.*

VII.

How soon hath Time the subtle thief of youth,
Stoln on his wing my three and twentieth yeer!
My hasting dayes flie on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,
And inward ripenes doth much less appear,
That som more timely-happy spirits indu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure eev'n,
To that same lot, however mean, or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great task Masters eye.

VIII.

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless dores may sease,
If ever deed of honour did thee please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms,
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call Fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy Name o're Lands and Seas,
What ever clime the Suns bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses Bowre,
The great *Emathian* Conqueror bid spare
The house of *Pindarus*, when Temple and Towre
Went to the ground: And the repeated air
Of sad *Electra's* Poet had the power
To save th' *Athenian* Walls from ruine bare.

IX.

Lady that in the prime of earliest youth,
Wisely hath shun'd the broad way and the green,
And with those few art eminently seen,
That labour up the Hill of heav'nly Truth,
The better part with *Mary* and with *Ruth*,
Chosen thou hast, and they that overween,
And at thy growing vertues fret their spleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
Thy care is fixt and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous Lamp with deeds of light,
And Hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
Thou, when the Bridegroom with his feastfull friends
Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

X.

Daughter to that good Earl, once President
Of *Englands* Counsel, and her Treasury,
Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
And left them both, more in himself content,
Till the sad breaking of that Parliament

Broke him, as that dishonest victory
At *Chæronéa*, fatal to liberty
Kil'd with report that Old man eloquent,
Though later born, then to have known the dayes
Wherin your Father flourisht, yet by you
Madam, me thinks I see him living yet;
So well your words his noble vertues praise,
That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to possess them, Honour'd *Margaret*.

XI.

A Book was writ of late call'd *Tetrachordon*;
And wov'n close, both matter, form and stile;
The Subject new: it walk'd the Town a while,
Numbring good intellects; now seldom por'd on.
Cries the staff-reader, bless us! what a word on
A title page is this! and some in file
Stand spelling fals, while one might walk to Mile-
End Green. Why is it harder Sirs then Gordon,
Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?
Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek
That would have made *Quintilian* stare and gasp.
Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir *John Cheek*,
Hated Learning wors then Toad or Asp;
When thou taught'st *Cambridge*, and King *Edward* Greek.

XII. *On the same.*

I did but prompt the age to quit their cloggs
By the known rules of antient libertie,
When strait a barbarous noise environs me
Of Owles and Cuckoes, Asses, Apes and Doggs.
As when those Hinds that were transform'd to Froggs
Raild at *Latona's* twin-born progenie
Which after held the Sun and Moon in fee.
But this is got by casting Pearl to Hoggs;
That bawle for freedom in their senceless mood,
And still revolt when truth would set them free.

Licence they mean when they cry libertie;
For who loves that, must first be wise and good;
But from that mark how far they roave we see
For all this wast of wealth, and loss of blood.

XIII. To Mr. H. Lawes, on his Aires.

Harry whose tuneful and well measur'd Song
First taught our English Musick how to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With *Midas* Ears, committing short and long;
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
With praise enough for Envy to look wan;
To after age thou shalt be writ the man,
That with smooth aire couldst humor best our tongue.
Thou honour'st Verse, and Verse must send her wing
To honour thee, the Priest of *Phæbus* Quire
That tun'st their happiest lines in Hymn, or Story.
Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
Then his *Casella*, whom he woo'd to sing
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

XIV. On the same.

When Faith and Love which parted from thee never,
Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou did'st resign this earthly load
Of Death, call'd Life; which us from Life doth sever.
Thy Works and Alms and all thy good Endeavour
Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
Love led them on, and Faith who knew them best
Thy hand-maids, clad them o're with purple beams
And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
And speak the truth of thee on glorious Theams
Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

XV. *On the late Massacher in Piemont.*

Avenge O Lord thy slaughter'd Saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold,
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old
When all our Fathers worship't Stocks and Stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groanes
Who were thy Sheep and in their antient Fold
Slayn by the bloody *Piemontese* that roll'd
Mother with Infant down the Rocks. Their moans
The Vales redoubl'd to the Hills, and they
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O're all th' *Italian* fields where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant: that from these may grow
A hunder'd-fold, who having learnt thy way
Early may fly the *Babylonian* wo.

XVI.

When I consider how my light is spent,
E're half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one Talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my Soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, least he returning chide,
Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd,
I fondly ask; But patience to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts, who best
Bear his milde yoke, they serve him best, his State
Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed
And post o're Land and Ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and waite.

XVII.

Lawrence of vertuous Father vertuous Son,

Now that the Fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help wast a sullen day; what may be won
From the hard Season gaining: time will run
On smoother, till *Favonius* re-inspire
The frozen earth; and cloth in fresh attire
The Lillie and Rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attick tast, with Wine, whence we may rise
To hear the Lute well toucht, or artfull voice
Warble immortal Notes and *Tuskan* Ayre?
He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

XVIII.

Cyriack, whose Grandsire on the Royal Bench
Of Brittish *Themis*, with no mean applause
Pronounc't and in his volumes taught our Lawes,
Which others at their Barr so often wrench:
To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth, that after no repenting drawes;
Let *Euclid* rest and *Archimedes* pause,
And what the *Swede* intend, and what the *French*.
To measure life, learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

XIX.

Methought I saw my late espoused Saint
Brought to me like *Alcestis* from the grave,
Whom *Joves* great Son to her glad Husband gave,
Rescu'd from death by force though pale and faint.
Mine as whom washt from spot of child-bed taint,
Purification in the old Law did save,

And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was vail'd, yet to my fancied sight,
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O as to embrace me she enclin'd
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

The Fifth Ode of Horace. Lib. I.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in Rosa, *Rendred
almost word for word without Rhyme accord-
ing to the Latin Measure, as near as the Lan-
guage will permit.*

WHat slender Youth bedew'd with liquid odours
Courts thee on Roses in some pleasant Cave,
Pyrrha for whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden Hair,
Plain in thy neatness; O how oft shall he
On Faith and changed Gods complain: and Seas
Rough with black winds and storms
Unwonted shall admire:
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all Gold,
Who always vacant, always amiable
Hopes thee; of flattering gales
Unmindfull. Hapless they
To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd
Picture the sacred wall declares t' have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern God of Sea.

Anno Ætatis 19. *At a Vacation Exercise in the Colledge, part Latin, part English. The Latin speeches ended, the English thus began.*

Hail native Language, that by sinews weak
 Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,
 And mad'st imperfect words with childish tripps,
 Half unpronounc't, slide through my infant-lipps,
 Driving dum silence from the portal dore,
 Where he had mutely sate two years before:
 Here I salute thee and thy pardon ask,
 That now I use thee in my latter task:
 Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,
 I know my tongue but little Grace can do thee: 10
 Thou needst not be ambitious to be first,
 Believe me I have thither packt the worst:
 And, if it happen as I did forecast,
 The daintest dishes shall be serv'd up last.
 I pray thee then deny me not thy aide
 For this same small neglect that I have made:
 But haste thee strait to do me once a Pleasure,
 And from thy wardrope bring thy chiefest treasure;
 Not those new fangled toys, and trimming slight
 Which takes our late fantasticks with delight, 20
 But cull those richest Robes, and gay'st attire
 Which deepest Spirits, and choicest Wits desire:
 I have some naked thoughts that rove about
 And loudly knock to have their passage out;
 And wearie of their place do only stay
 Till thou hast deck't them in thy best aray;
 That so they may without suspect or fears
 Fly swiftly to this fair Assembly's ears;
 Yet I had rather if I were to chuse,
 Thy service in some graver subject use, 30
 Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
 Before thou cloath my fancy in fit sound:
 Such where the deep transported mind may soare
 Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'ns dore
 Look in, and see each blissful Deitie
 How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
 Listening to what unshorn *Apollo* sings

To th' touch of golden wires, while *Hebe* brings
 Immortal Nectar to her Kingly Sire:
 Then passing through the Spherse of watchful fire, 40
 And mistie Regions of wide air next under,
 And hills of Snow and lofts of piled Thunder,
 May tell at length how green-ey'd *Neptune* raves,
 In Heav'ns defiance mustering all his waves;
 Then sing of secret things that came to pass
 When Beldam Nature in her cradle was;
 And last of Kings and Queens and *Hero's* old,
 Such as the wise *Demodocus* once told
 In solemn Songs at King *Alcinous* feast, 10
 While sad *Ulisses* soul and all the rest
 Are held with his melodious harmonie
 In willing chains and sweet captivie.
 But fie my wandring Muse how thou dost stray!
 Expectance calls thee now another way,
 Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent
 To keep in compass of thy Predicament:
 Then quick about thy purpos'd business come,
 That to the next I may resign my Roome.

*Then Ens is represented as Father of the Præ-
 dicaments his ten Sons, whereof the Eldest
 stood for Substance with his Canons, which
 Ens thus speaking, explains.*

Good luck befriend thee Son; for at thy birth
 The Faery Ladies daunc't upon the hearth; 60
 Thy drowsie Nurse hath sworn she did them spie
 Come tripping to the Room where thou didst lie;
 And sweetly singing round about thy Bed
 Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping Head.
 She heard them give thee this, that thou should'st still
 >From eyes of mortals walk invisible,
 Yet there is something that doth force my fear,
 For once it was my dismal hap to hear
 A *Sybil* old, bow-bent with crooked age,
 That far events full wisely could presage, 70
 And in Times long and dark Prospective Glass
 Fore-saw what future dayes should bring to pass,
 Your Son, said she, (nor can you it prevent)

Shall subject be to many an Accident.
O're all his Brethren he shall Reign as King,
Yet every one shall make him underling,
And those that cannot live from him asunder
Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under,
In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,
Yet being above them, he shall be below them; 80
From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
Yet on his Brothers shall depend for Cloathing.
To find a Foe it shall not be his hap,
And peace shall lull him in her flowry lap;
Yet shall he live in strife, and at his dore
Devouring war shall never cease to roare;
Yea it shall be his natural property
To harbour those that are at enmity.
What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not
Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot? 90

*The next Quantity and Quality, spake in Prose,
then Relation was call'd by his Name.*

Rivers arise; whether thou be the Son,
Of utmost *Tweed*, or *Oose*, or gulphie *Dun*,
Or *Trent*, who like some earth-born Giant spreads
His thirty Armes along the indented Meads,
Or sullen *Mole* that runneth underneath,
Or *Severn* swift, guilty of Maidens death,
Or Rockie *Avon*, or of Sedgie *Lee*,
Or Coaly *Tine*, or antient hallowed *Dee*,
Or *Humber* loud that keeps the *Scythians* Name,
Or *Medway* smooth, or Royal Towred *Thame*. 100

The rest was Prose.

*On the new forcers of Conscience under the
Long PARLIAMENT.*

Ecause you have thrown of your Prelate Lord,

B And with stiff Vowes renounc'd his Liturgie
To seise the widdow'd whore Pluralitie
From them whose sin ye envi'd, not abhor'd,
Dare ye for this adjure the Civill Sword
To force our Consciences that Christ set free,
And ride us with a classic Hierarchy
Taught ye by meer *A. S.* and *Rotherford*?
Men whose Life, Learning, Faith and pure intent
Would have been held in high esteem with *Paul* 10
Must now be nam'd and printed Hereticks
By shallow *Edwards* and Scotch what d'ye call:
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing wors then those of *Trent*,
That so the Parliament
May with their wholsom and preventive Shears
Clip your Phylacteries, though bauk your Ears,
And succour our just Fears
When they shall read this clearly in your charge
New Presbyter is but *Old Priest* writ Large. 20

A R C A D E S.

Part of an entertainment presented to the Countess
Dowager of *Darby* at *Harefield*, by som Noble
persons of her Family, who appear on the Scene
in pastoral habit, moving toward the seat of
State with this Song.

1. S O N G.

Look Nymphs, and Shepherds look,
What sudden blaze of majesty
Is that which we from hence descry
Too divine to be mistook:
This this is she
To whom our vows and wishes bend,
Heer our solemn search hath end.

Fame that her high worth to raise,
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,

We may justly now accuse 10
Of detraction from her praise,
Less then half we find exprest,
Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark what radiant state she spreads,
In circle round her shining throne,
Shooting her beams like silver threds,
This this is she alone,
Sitting like a Goddess bright,
In the center of her light.

Might she the wise *Latona* be, 20
Or the towred *Cybele*,
Mother of a hunderd gods;
Juno dare's not give her odds;
Who had thought this clime had held
A deity so unparalel'd?

*As they com forward, the Genius of the Wood ap-
pears, and turning toward them, speaks.*

G *En.* Stay gentle Swains, for though in this disguise,
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes,
Of famous *Arcady* ye are, and sprung 30
Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
Divine *Alpheus*, who by secret sluse,
Stole under Seas to meet his *Arethuse*;
And ye the breathing Roses of the Wood,
Fair silver-buskind Nymphs as great and good,
I know this quest of yours, and free intent
Was all in honour and devotion ment
To the great Mistres of yon princely shrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
And with all helpful service will comply
To further this nights glad solemnity;
And lead ye where ye may more neer behold 40
What shallow-searching *Fame* hath left untold;

Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
 Have sate to wonder at, and gaze upon:
 For know by lot from *Jove* I am the powr
 Of this fair Wood, and live in Oak'n bowr,
 To nurse the Saplings tall, and curl the grove
 With Ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.
 And all my Plants I save from nightly ill,
 Of noisom winds, and blasting vapours chill.
 And from the Boughs brush off the evil dew, 50
 And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blew,
 Or what the cross dire-looking Planet smites,
 Or hurtfull Worm with canker'd venom bites.
 When Eev'ning gray doth rise, I fetch my round
 Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground,
 And early ere the odorous breath of morn
 Awakes the slumbring leaves, or tasseld horn
 Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
 Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
 With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless, 60
 But els in deep of night when drowsines
 Hath lockt up mortal sense, then listen I
 To the celestial *Sirens* harmony,
 That sit upon the nine enfolded Sphears,
 And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
 And turn the Adamantine spindle round,
 On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
 Such sweet compulsion doth in musick ly,
 To lull the daughters of *Necessity*,
 And keep unsteddy Nature to her law, 70
 And the low world in measur'd motion draw
 After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
 Of human mould with grosse unpurged ear;
 And yet such musick worthiest were to blaze
 The peerles height of her immortal praise,
 Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
 If my inferior hand or voice could hit
 Inimitable sounds, yet as we go,
 What ere the skill of lesser gods can show,
 I will assay, her worth to celebrate, 80

And so attend ye toward her glittering state;
 Where ye may all that are of noble stemm
 Approach, and kiss her sacred vestures hemm.

2. S O N G.

O 'Re the smooth enameld green
Where no print of step hath been,
Follow me as I sing, 90
And touch the warbled string.
Under the shady roof
Of branching Elm Star-proof,
Follow me,
I will bring you where she sits
Clad in splendor as befits
Her deity.
Such a rural Queen
All *Arcadia* hath not seen.

3. S O N G.

N Ymphs and Shepherds dance no more
By sandy *Ladons* Lillied banks.
On old *Lycæus* or *Cyllene* hoar,
Trip no more in twilight ranks,
Though *Erymanth* your loss deplore, 100
A better soyl shall give ye thanks.
From the stony *Mænalus*,
Bring your Flocks, and live with us,
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the Lady of this place.
Though *Syrinx* your *Pans* Mistres were,
Yet *Syrinx* well might wait on her.
Such a rural Queen
All *Arcadia* hath not seen.

L Y C I D A S.

*In this Monody the Author bewails a learned
Friend, unfortunately drown'd in his passage
from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637. And by*

*occasion foretels the ruine of our corrupted
Clergie then in their height.*

Y Et once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
 Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never-sear,
 I com to pluck your Berries harsh and crude,
 And with forc'd fingers rude,
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
 Compels me to disturb your season due:
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
 10
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not flote upon his watry bear
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of som melodious tear.
 Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
 Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
 So may som gentle Muse
 20
 With lucky words favour my destin'd Urn,
 And as he passes turn,
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shrowd.
 For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,
 Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.
 Together both, ere the high Lawns appear'd
 Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
 We drove a field, and both together heard
 What time the Gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 Oft till the Star that rose, at Ev'ning bright
 30
 Toward Heav'ns descent had slop'd his westering wheel.
 Mean while the Rural ditties were not mute,
 Temper'd to th' Oaten Flute;
 Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with clov'n heel,
 From the glad sound would not be absent long,
 And old Damaetas lov'd to hear our song,
 But O the heavy change, now thou art gon,
 Now thou art gon, and never must return!
 Thee Shepherd, thee the Woods, and desert Caves,
 With wilde Thyme and the gadding Vine o'rgrown,

And all their echoes mourn. 40
 The Willows, and the Hazle Copses green,
 Shall now no more be seen,
 Fanning their joyous Leaves to thy soft layes.
 As killing as the Canker to the Rose,
 Or Taint-worm to the weanling Herds that graze,
 Or Frost to Flowers, that their gay wardrop wear,
 When first the White thorn blows;
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to Shepherds ear.

Where were ye Nymphs when the remorseless deep 50
 Clos'd o're the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,
 Where your old Bards, the famous Druids ly,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard stream:
 Ay me, I fondly dream!
 Had ye bin there-for what could that have don?
 What could the Muse her self that Orpheus bore,
 The Muse her self, for her enchanting son
 Whom Universal nature did lament, 60
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
 His goary visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore.

Alas! What boots it with uncessant care
 To tend the homely slighted Shepherds trade,
 And strictly meditate the thankles Muse,
 Were it not better don as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise 70
 (That last infirmity of Noble mind)
 To scorn delights, and live laborious dayes;
 But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears,
 And slits the thin spun life. But not the praise,
 Phoebus repli'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
 Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glistering foil
 Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies, 80
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
 And perfet witnes of all judging Jove;
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,

Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.

O Fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd floud,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocall reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:

But now my Oate proceeds,

And listens to the Herald of the Sea

That came in Neptune's plea,

90

He ask'd the Waves, and ask'd the Fellon winds,

What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?

And question'd every gust of rugged wings

That blows from off each beaked Promontory,

They knew not of his story,

And sage Hippotades their answer brings,

That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,

The Ayr was calm, and on the level brine,

Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.

It was that fatall and perfidious Bark

100

Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,

That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend Sire, went footing slow,

His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet sedge,

Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge

Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.

Ah; Who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?

Last came, and last did go,

The Pilot of the Galilean lake,

Two massy Keyes he bore of metals twain,

110

(The Golden opes, the Iron shuts amain)

He shook his Miter'd locks, and stern bespake,

How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,

Anow of such as for their bellies sake,

Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold?

Of other care they little reck'ning make,

Then how to scramble at the shearers feast,

And shove away the worthy bidden guest.

Blind mouthes! that scarce themselves know how to hold

A Sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought els the least

120

That to the faithfull Herdmans art belongs!

What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;

And when they list, their lean and flashy songs

Grate on their scannel Pipes of wretched straw,

The hungry Sheep look up, and are not fed,

But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,

Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:

Besides what the grim Woolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing sed,
 But that two-handed engine at the door, 130
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.
 Return Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
 That shrunk thy streams; Return Sicilian Muse,
 And call the Vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their Bels, and Flourets of a thousand hues.
 Ye valleys low where the milde whispers use,
 Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart Star sparely looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enameld eyes,
 That on the green terf suck the honied showres, 140
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowres.
 Bring the rathe Primrose that forsaken dies.
 The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Gessamine,
 The white Pink, and the Pansie freakt with jeat,
 The glowing Violet.
 The Musk-rose, and the well attir'd Woodbine.
 With Cowslips wan that hang the pensive hed,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
 Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears, 150
 To strew the Laureat Herse where Lycid lies.
 For so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
 Ay me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding Seas
 Wash far away, where ere thy bones are hurld,
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
 Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, 160
 Where the great vision of the guarded Mount
 Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;
 Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth.
 And, O ye Dolphins, waft the haples youth.
 Weep no more, woful Shepherds weep no more,
 For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watry floar,
 So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new spangled Ore, 170
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:

So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves
 Where other groves, and other streams along,
 With Nectar pure his oozy Lock's he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial Song,
 In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the Saints above,
 In solemn troops, and sweet Societies
 That sing, and singing in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now Lycidas the Shepherds weep no more;
 Hence forth thou art the Genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

180

Thus sang the uncouth Swain to th' Okes and rills,
 While the still morn went out with Sandals gray,
 He touch'd the tender stops of various Quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Dorick lay:
 And now the Sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
 And now was dropt into the Western bay;
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his Mantle blew:
 To'morrow to fresh Woods, and Pastures new.

190

On the Lord Gen. Fairfax at the siege of Colchester.

F *Airfax*, whose Name in armes through *Europe* rings
 Filling each mouth with envy, or with praise,
 And all her jealous monarchs with amaze,
 And rumors loud, that daunt remotest kings,
 Thy firm unshak'n vertue ever brings
 Victory home, though new rebellions raise
 Thir Hydra heads, & the fals North displaies
 Her brok'n league, to impe their serpent wings,
 O yet a nobler task awaites thy hand;
 For what can Warr, but endless warr still breed,
 Till Truth, & Right from Violence be freed,
 And Public Faith cleard from the shamefull brand
 Of Public Fraud. In vain doth Valour bleed
 While Avarice, & Rapine share the land.

To the Lord Generall Cromwell May 1652.

On the proposalls of certaine ministers at the Committee for Propagation of the Gospell.

Cromwell, our cheif of men, who through a cloud
Not of warr onely, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith & matchless Fortitude
To peace & truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,
And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud
Hast reard Gods Trophies, & his work pursu'd,
While Darwen stream with blood of Scotts imbru'd,
And *Dunbarr feild* resounds thy praises loud,
And Worsters laureat wreath; yet much remaines
To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renownd then warr, new foes aries
Threatning to bind our soules with secular chaines:
Helpe us to save free Conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves whose Gospell is their maw.

To Mr. Cyriack Skinner upon his Blindness.

C *Yriack*, this three years day these eys, though clear
To outward view, of blemish or of spot;
Bereft of light thir seeing have forgot,
Nor to thir idle orbs doth sight appear
Of Sun or Moon or Starre throughout the year,
Or man or woman. Yet I argue not
Against heavns hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear vp and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, Friend, to have lost them overply'd
In libertyes defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe talks from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask

Content though blind, had I no better guide.

To Sr Henry Vane the younger.

V *Ane*, young in yeares, but in sage counsell old,
Then whome a better Senatour nere held
The helme of Rome, when gownes not armes repelld
The feirce Epeirot & the African bold,
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow states, hard to be spelld,
Then to advise how warr may best, upheld,
Move by her two maine nerves, Iron & Gold
In all her equipage; besides to know
Both spirituall powre & civill, what each meanes
What which each thou hast learnt, which few have don.
The bounds of either sword to thee wee ow.
Therefore on thy firme hand religion leanes
In peace, & reck'ns thee her eldest son.

This etext was typed by Judy Boss in Omaha, Nebraska.
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